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DREAM TOURNEY.

The Most Remarkable Dreamer Captures a Gold Double Eagle.

Julian Hawthorne, the Novelist, Will Act as Judge.

Make Your Accounts Short and, Above All, Interesting.

As a little midwinter novelty THE EVENING WORLD has decided to have a Dream Tournament.

What subject arouses more interest about the fire of a winter night than the recounting of the thrilling and remarkable dreams of those who are adepts in dreaming and know how to graphically relate their fantastic experience in the realm of slumber?

A special interest in this matter has lately been aroused in the discussions of learned divines as to the philosophy and significance of dreams.

Several exceptionally interesting novels have also been published recently, the facts of which have turned upon remarkable dreams.

Altogether the matter is interesting and very timely.

THE EVENING WORLD has thousands of bright writers among its hundreds of thousands of readers, as shown by the extraordinary discussion, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and "If You Were a Millionaire." In response to very numerous requests for something more in this line, the Dream Tournament is started.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the writer of the most remarkable dream.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the popular novelist, will be the judge and will award the prize.

Julian Hawthorne, as well as his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has written many fascinating novels of the mystic order, and is especially interested in the philosophy of dreams. He may find some plots for future stories in the dreams of THE EVENING WORLD readers.

Contributors to this feature should make the accounts of their experience in dream-land as brief and graphic as possible. If not of general interest they will not be published. Above all, contributors must be truthful. Don't give us any "day-dreams." The successful competitor will be required to take an affidavit to the fact that his dream was an actual one of his own experience.

THE EVENING WORLD will publish the most interesting of the contributions, but cannot, of course, undertake to publish all that may be sent in. All competitors should address their communications to "Dream Tournament," THE EVENING WORLD, New York.

WORLDLINGS.

John Leibenderfer, of Beaver Falls, Pa., died to death as a result of having a tooth pulled. Several physicians attended him, but were unable to check the flow of blood. He was a strong, healthy man in the prime of life.

Dr. Schlemann, the noted Greek archaeologist and excavator, is master of fourteen languages. In his youth he was a sailor before the mast on a German vessel. It is said that he gained a reading knowledge of English in six months of study.

Little Tommy Elmore, of Micanopy, Fla., although only eight years old, is a prodigy with the violin. His execution of difficult selections from the operas is remarkable, and he is in great demand at parties because of his skill in playing dance music.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, has been in public life since 1850, when he was elected to the Legislature. He was a farmer's boy, and at nineteen was a school teacher. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and one of the youngest members of the "Kentucky clique" in Illinois politics, in which Lincoln, Yates, Oglesby, Richardson and Browning were included.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

John J. Ingalls.

McNELL'S TREPHING CRIBBAGE notices the imitation of the game. Try it. Price 25 cents.

JOLLYITY'S JOLLY CREW.

A FEW OF THE MANY MIRTHFUL SAYINGS BY THE SAME.

Conals to Newcastles.



Miss Footlitt—You seem to be annoyed, Fay. Miss Flee—I order be. That young Wollies feller we met at the Casino has just sent me tickets for the Bijou next week, an' I'm booked for the leader of the amazons in the same play.

Breaking the Ice.

Mr. Slopace—Er—ah—do sing "Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad?" Miss Liepver—I don't sing; but perhaps you can whistle, and—I might try the rest.

A Different Stick.

"How's this?" inquired the city editor. "I told you to make a story out of this, and here you bring me a report a yard long." "I'm sorry," returned the new reporter, "but you see I used to be a clerk in a dry-goods store."

Cross-Country.

Member of Prominent Athletic Club—Quick, man, let me by! I'm the hare and the hounds are just behind me, don't you know? Farmer quietly—Bill, run an' git Constance Shivers' twent. Kings County crazy house hez lost a pet boarder.

It Depends.

"Doctor, what kind of animal is a man most likely to see when he has an impending attack of tremors?" "Oh, some sea snakes, some sea lions—in fact, it depends on the jaguar carrying."

Cruelly Suspicious.

Liberal pewholder (dropping \$10 bill in contribution box and whispering to deacon)—Smallest I have. I'll take four or five of those silver dollars in the box and let it go. Deacon—like deacon drawing counterfeit detector from his pocket—Wait a moment, please.

At the Gate.

St. Peter—Hello! Who are you? "Coal man." "You must have had a very mild winter in the United States." "Why?" "You never would have come to heaven if it had been a cold one."

Where to Draw the Line.

"In the case of my unfortunate client, gentlemen," said the eloquent attorney for the defense in a murder case, "it is for you to draw the line between murderous rage and emotional insanity." And the jury rendered a verdict that they thought the safest place to draw it was between the head and shoulders.

The Same Thing.

"The French Government seems to take kindly to Boulanger's success, after all," remarked the Snake Editor. "Why," thought the Cabinet wanted to resign on account of it," replied the Horse Editor. "Precisely. It displayed a spirit of resignation. That's what I say."

Metropolitan Arrogance Rebuked.

"Well, my dear young man, if that is so, you know more than I do. I have not found him yet and never expect to find him." "Well, the residents of Cooperstown are certain that your son is there. He goes by the name of Charley Kinney."

"Charley Kinney, eh? Why, I knew that boy fourteen years ago. He was then brought before me as being my boy. He was found in Cuba by the Rev. Dr. Kenny, a mission, and I believe that he is from some one who was ill-treating him."

"Then he is not your son?" "No, he is not. After Mr. Kenny brought him before me he sent him to Gosden, N. Y., to be educated. The boy created a sensation, and I was deluged with letters telling me that my son had been found. But it wasn't he," and the old gentleman heaved a deep sigh.

"Then," I heard of him in Red Bank in 1875. I was told a strange story about a man and a boy. Investigation proved that Charley Kinney had been there, but that he was disappointed. And recently I have received indignant letters from Cooperstown, asking why I don't claim my son. I know full well who it is, and therefore don't claim him."

Mr. Ross said that he received letters nearly every day from different parts of the country, but he has given up the search, and doesn't place any reliance on the stories sent him.

Mr. Ross showed the reporter pictures of the Kinney boy and of his own lost boy. The resemblance was wonderful. The picture of Charley Kinney was taken at four years, while the Kinney boy seemed to be about eight years old. There was a slightly sterner expression on the Kinney boy's features, but that could be accounted for in the fact that he had been cruelly abused and ill-treated in his early years.

Any one to look on Charley Ross at four years and Charley Kinney at eight years would almost be willing to take an oath that they were the same.

"They look very much alike, but it is not my boy," said Mr. Ross. The Charley Ross kidnapping happened over fourteen years ago, creating tremendous excitement and stirring the hearts of the entire community.

Christie K. Ross was then a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and lived in Graymantown. Charley was four years old, and a bright, curly-headed boy, whom every one loved.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1, 1874, the boy was playing with his brother Walter and some other children in Washington lane, Graymantown.

Two men came along in a buggy. They met the boy and his brother, and on several occasions had gotten into their good graces by always bringing a package of candy. As soon as Charley Ross sighted them, he toddled to the carriage and, in a moment, he was completely vanished, and no trace of them could be found.

Finally, on the morning of Dec. 14, both men were shot while attempting to rob the house of Judge Van Brunt at Bay Ridge. Moshier was killed almost instantly, but Douglas lived some minutes.

STRANGELY ALIKE.

The Story of Charley Ross and History of Charley Kinney.

All Cooperstown Believes the Two Are Really One.

But the Father of the Stolen Charley Says Kinney Is Not He.

THE EVENING WORLD recently received a letter signed by Mr. M. E. Rouse, 2311 Second avenue.

It had been brought out by an announcement in the paper, and the writer, who said he was staying for the present in this city, asserted that the lost Charley Ross is now living in Cooperstown, N. Y., under the name of Charley Kinney.

"He is a fine young man," said the letter, "and has been recognized by his father and brother."

The writer of the letter seemed to be so positive in her statements that an EVENING WORLD reporter went up to 2311 Second avenue to see her.

He found a kindly-faced, silver-haired lady of sixty years. She told a story in all sincerity and politeness. Mrs. Rouse resides in Cooperstown and is at present visiting relatives in this city.

"I called to talk with you about Charley Ross," began the reporter. "I understand you to say that he is alive and in Cooperstown."

"He is," replied Mrs. Rouse. "Every one in Cooperstown knows that. He is known by the name of Charley Kinney."

"How do you know this?" "I know it, because his father and brother have been on there and recognized him. They have been there frequently, and Charley has been to see them at Philadelphia."

"And when did they first see him?" "Last Spring, some time."

"How does he look?" "He is about twenty years old, tall, fair complexioned, with chestnut-colored hair and a bright pair of blue eyes."

"How did he get to Cooperstown?" "Well, I don't exactly know that. He tells me very romantic story of his life. He remembers being taken from his home and kept in a loft for some time. Then he says he was taken to New York and given to a man who took him to Cuba. This man, he says, beat him cruelly, and he ran away, appealed to a kind American, and was sent back to New York."

He drifted around there for a while and finally got into a mission. With a lot of other boys he was bound out to a farmer in Springtown, N. Y. Then he turned up in Cooperstown and went to the orphanage there. He was educated in that place and has lived in the town, working for different people ever since."

"How did his father find him out?" "I believe some one wrote to him and notified him that his son was there."

"You think, then, that it is really Charley Ross?" "There is no doubt of it," earnestly replied the old lady. "All Cooperstown is certain of it, and I have seen letters come to town addressed to Charley Ross."

"Why did he not return home with his parents?" "He has a good position with the Alfred Corning Clark estate, and is loath to leave it."

Mrs. Rouse was so earnest and so positive in her belief that the boy was there that the reporter decided to go on to Philadelphia to see Mr. Ross. He found him at his place of business, 1438 North Sixth street, where he is a manufacturer of crucibles. He is Port Warden of Philadelphia, as well.

Christie K. Ross, for that is his full name—is a pleasant-looking gentleman of about thirty years, though he is probably older. He received the reporter very cordially, and the former immediately approached the object of his visit.

"Mr. Ross, I understand that your boy Charley is alive and living in Cooperstown, N. Y."

"Well, my dear young man, if that is so, you know more than I do. I have not found him yet and never expect to find him."

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Two men came along in a buggy. They met the boy and his brother, and on several occasions had gotten into their good graces by always bringing a package of candy. As soon as Charley Ross sighted them, he toddled to the carriage and, in a moment, he was completely vanished, and no trace of them could be found.

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"Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked J. H. Van Brunt, the Judge's son.

"I won't lie to you," replied the dying man. "I am Joseph Douglas, and that man over there" (pointing to Moshier) "is William Moshier. It's no use lying now. Moshier and I stole Charley Ross from Graymantown."

"Why did you steal him?" "To make money."

"Who has the child now?" "Moshier knows all about the boy; ask him."

Then he was told that Moshier was dead. He said: "I do not know where he is. Moshier knew." And then he died.

Thus both the child-stealers died, and the longed-for information died with them. Their bodies were subsequently identified by Detective Sollick and little Walter Ross.

This Charley Kinney, in Cooperstown, remembers being kept in a loft for some time. Moshier had a stable in Philadelphia at the time of the kidnapping.

Then again the boy Kinney remembers being taken to New York. Moshier moved from Philadelphia to New York on Aug. 18, about seven weeks after the kidnapping.

Charley Kinney was found in Cuba late in December, so Mr. Ross says. Did Moshier when he learned that Supt. Walling had him, for the crime give the boy to the showman and thus get rid of him?

It is a remarkable parallelism of cases, and it would have been a fitting ending should the convicts mentioned have been hanged in the identification of the lost boy Ross with the found boy Kinney.

PLATT STOCK BOOMING NOW.

ALLISON'S REFUSAL GIVES HIM A GREAT SHOW FOR THE CABINET.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt says there never was any breach between himself and Warner Miller, and that all of the war talk has been the result of the earnest partisanship of the friends of both in the struggle for recognition by Gen. Harrison.

Mr. Platt's explanation seems to be confirmed by the apparently friendly relations existing between the two men, who frequently meet each other in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Everything now seems to point to Mr. Platt as a Cabinet probability. The refusal of Senator Allison to accept the Treasury portfolio and the general dismellowing of Gen. Harrison to appoint J. S. Clarkson in his stead, Blaine as premier and the New York Boss' "pull" with the Vice-President, all lean heavily in favor of Platt.

This does not seem to disturb Ross Platt in the least, however. He still wears the same smile and assumes the same air of confidence which have characterized him since he secured the defeat of the Miller endorsement by the Union League Club.

All Tastes Satisfied.

Waiter—"The customer is waitin'" on says the brandy sauce don't taste like it had any brandy in."

Cook—"Who is he?" "Bring the sauce back and chuck in a little sulphuric acid and kerosene oil."

He Meant It Literally.

Miss Bristle—"Don't hurry, I beg of you, Mr. Merritt, it's only 11."

Nearly Killed by a Gas Leak.

George Goss, aged twenty-nine, was found unconscious in his room at 241 West Thirtieth street, at 7:30 this morning. He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital almost asphyxiated. The cause was an escape of gas from the fixture.

THE GENUINE CARLSBAD SPRING WATER. AN EXCELLENT APERIENT, LAXATIVE AND DIURETIC.

Moshier had a stable on Third or Fourth street, but just where, he didn't know.

He promised to work for the Superintendent, but it is believed that he wanted Moshier and Douglas, and kept them posted as to the movements of the police. Moshier, it was learned, did live at 235 Monroe street under the name of Henderson; but both he and Douglas had completely vanished, and no trace of them could be found.

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Pamphlets mailed free upon application. EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Importers.

AT THE FRENCH BALL.

A Little "Pome" in Prose Descriptive of the Startling Events Thereat.



THE shadows of yesternight, whose midnight torches poured their light? Whose nimble heels to the music's feet-flashed, as their ladies' eyes grew bright? Who made it a "red-letter night" and "woke the echoes" till day on the ocean broke and Old Time smiled as another spoke from his rickety chariot-wheel was broke, so soon after such a strike had stroke?

Who, but the Cercle de l'Harmonie, whose merry spirits whose non and old have quickened the mazes of the dance in every clime that ever heard of France; whose

falls the same though governments rise and fall to shame, and whose better diversified might might with a real St. Anthony—not to sin, but to try for a whirl in the beautiful French heels make when the dances begin?

Yes, 'twas the night of the great French Ball, and the town hadn't been to bed at all.

At least, that part of the town that must take a big fat slice of every cake—the youth who laughs while his pocket bleeds; the man who wants what he never needs; the half-headed dotard who goes to see if the dance is as wrong as it's said to be; the married man who sits up with a friend; the bookkeeper who has "his books to tend;" the lawyer whose labors never end; the ponderous statesman who must unbend; the sportsman who'd see if the tiger is denuded; the deacon disguised lest he may offend; the student who knows whatever is known; the gentleman who has money to lend; the fellow whose manners 'twere well to mend; the land filled up with a poem unpenned; the tigress in search of prey to rend; the financier with a frolicsome trend; the lonesome "fiver" that would be tended; the vivandiere who has kisses to vend—all folks who forward their ways still vend and give thanks for all good things the gods may send—they were all at the Ball last night!



What did they do and what did they see? Well, a good deal after the clock struck three! Planets—that is, of the Venus kind; stay not to see which a man were blind; ballet-dancers who kicked so high the toes of their shoes made holes in the sky; girls who could scale the boxes when they stood on the hats of a dozen men; waiters who, to the strains of Strauss, swept with a swing that could shake the houses; barqueurs, clowns and columbines quaffing a nover of foreign wines, and a bluecoat here and there, with a club, for fear his buttons should catch a snub! What did they see? Well, without much trouble, scores of the praxest of them saw double!

What did they do? Well, first of all, What do they do at a "Cercle" ball? Frolic and dance and unbind the bow that had been bent for a year or so. Drink in the laughter of flashing eyes; climb from the floor to the galleries;



front the scorn of the over-wise; quaff Gretchin's health from her Oxford flask; treat the Pharisces who despise fun that their forms don't authorize.

What do they do? Why, "the girls and boys" put on an extra coat of size on the deep red